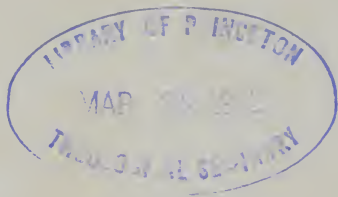


The
CHRONICLE
of the
LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

1926

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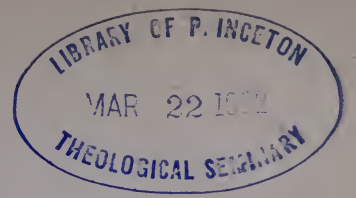


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London Missionary
Society.

TO BE RETURNED
TO THE EDITOR,
L. M. S.

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
LIVINGSTONE HOUSE,
BROADWAY, S.W.1.



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The CHRONICLE

OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY



Photo by]

A Buddhist image of Benevolence.

[Canadian Pacific Railway Co.

THE STORY OF ATIU ISLAND—HOME NOTES—THINKING IT OVER,
BY EDWARD SHILLITO—THE SAMOAN CHURCH, BY A. HOUGH

:: ANNOUNCEMENTS ::

THE REGISTER

Arrivals

Miss L. Stanyon, B.A., from Mirzapur, North India, November 13th.

Rev. W. J. Dawson, from Peking, North China, November 14th.

Rev. A. and Mrs. Baxter, and four children, from Canton, South China, November 20th.

Departures

Miss Mabel Shaw, returning to Mbereshi, Central Africa, per s.s. *Walmer Castle*, November 13th.

Rev. and Mrs. I. Roland James, and two children, appointed to Ambohimaso, Betsileo Province, Madagascar, per s.s. *Chambord*, from Marseilles, November 26th.

Births

WILLIAMS.—On August 29th, at Peking, to Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Williams, a daughter (Constance Lucy).

DARVILL.—On October 29th, at Apia, Samoa, to the Rev. H. and Mrs. Darvill, a daughter (Margaret).

WHITFIELD.—On November 5th, at Fianarantsoa, Madagascar, to the Rev. J. N. B. and Mrs. Whitfield, a daughter.

Marriage

BROLLY—HUCKETT.—On December 3rd, at Ambroli Church, Girgaum Back Road, Bombay, Margery Christina, daughter of the Rev. Walter and Mrs. Hockett, of Madagascar, to the Rev. James Broolly.

Deaths

BONDFIELD.—On November 9th, at Bournemouth, the Rev. George Henry Bondfield, D.D., late secretary of the China Agency of the British and Foreign Bible Society (1895-1923) and formerly missionary of the L.M.S. in Amoy and Hong-Kong (1883-1894), aged 70.

CULLEN.—On November 20th, at Clapham Common, Mattie Burr, widow of Rev. J. H. Cullen, of Niue, South Pacific, aged 60.

HUCKETT.—On November 27th, at Doncaster, Frederick, son of the late Rev. A. S. Hockett, of Madagascar, and of Mrs. Hockett, of Doncaster, aged 40.

PHILLIPS.—On November 23rd, at "Roseholme," Lichfield Road, Rushall, near Walsall, Amy Mary, widow of Rev. W. B. Phillips, of Berhampur, North India, aged 73.

Watchers' Prayer Union

NEW BRANCHES.

AUXILIARY.	CHURCH.	SECRETARY.
Canterbury.	Faversham.	Miss E. L. Wright.

Prayer Meeting

The Monthly Prayer Meeting will be held at the Mission House on Friday, January 15th, at 5.30 p.m. The President will be Mrs. H. M. Chaffey, M.A., Director for the Kensington group of churches.

Luncheons for Business Women

In the Junior Hall, Westminster Chapel, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. 1 to 2 p.m. prompt. Charge for Luncheon, 1s. 6d.

Wednesday, January 27th, 1926. Subject: "The League and World Peace." Speaker: J. C. Maxwell Garnett, Esq., C.B.E., Sc.D. (Secretary of the League of Nations Union). Chairman: Miss Kathleen Denham.

Business Men's Luncheons—in the New Year

These will be held in the Memorial Hall, from 1 to 2 p.m., on Wednesdays, January 20th, February 3rd and 17th, March 3rd and 17th. The speakers will include the Rt. Hon. Sir Thos. Inskip, C.B.E., K.C., M.P. (The Solicitor-General), Commander B. T. Coote (Camp Chief at the Duke of York's Camp), and League of Nations engagements permitting, the Rt. Hon. Sir Willoughby H. Dickinson, K.B.E. A full printed programme of the series may be had on application to Rev. S. J. Cowdy, L.M.S., 48, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1.

Contributions

The Directors gratefully acknowledge the following anonymous contributions: "Thankoffering, Croydon," £5; "Jean," £2.

Wants Department

The Rev. Gavin Smith, Tiger Kloof Native Institution, would be grateful for about nine copies each of the following books for the use of native students:—"Old Testament History" (Bennett). "Century" Handbooks (Bible). "Genesis" (Bennett). "Century Bible." "Luke" (Adeney). "A Short History of our Religion" (Somerville), Bell & Sons. "Outlines of Christian Theology" (Clarke). "Elementary Lessons in Logic" (Jevons). "Our Bodies and How they Work" (Elsie Chubb), Longmans, Green & Co.

Intending donors are asked to write to the Secretary, Wants Department, L.M.S., 48, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1, before sending gifts.

Swanwick Next Year

SWANWICK, 14TH-20TH AUGUST, 1926.—"The Church and the Kingdom." Chairmen, Stanley Toms, Esq., and Miss Muriel Wills.

Conference fee £2 12s. 6d., plus registration fee of 2s. 6d.

CAMPAIGN OFFICERS' CONFERENCE, SEPTEMBER 10TH-14TH.—Fee £2, including 7s. 6d. registration. Registration forms will be issued in March.

ABOUT REMITTANCES TO THE L.M.S.

HOW TO REMIT.—It is requested that all Remittances be made to the Rev. W. Nelson Bitton, Home Secretary, at 48, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1; and that if any gifts are designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be stated. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders (which should be crossed) made payable at the General Post Office.

TO LOCAL TREASURERS.—It is PARTICULARLY REQUESTED that money for the Society's use may be forwarded in instalments as received, and not retained until the completion of the year's accounts. This would reduce the Bank loans upon which interest has to be paid. The Society's financial year ends March 31st.

LOANS TO THE SOCIETY.

With the view of reducing the large amount which is paid in interest on Bank Loans, the Directors wish to state that it would be a great financial help if friends of the Society were prepared to advance sums of £100 and upwards free of interest for periods of not less than three months. In the case of advances for unfixed periods repayments could be made at ten days' notice.

THE CHRONICLE

Of the London Missionary Society

JANUARY, 1926

The Beach of Atiu

About 1820

IT was a beautiful morning on a lovely coral island. The sun shone down on the graceful coco-nut palms with their crowns of waving fronds. In the orange groves the golden fruit hung thickly from the branches. The yellow and red hibiscus, the bright-hued oleander, and the sweet-scented frangipanni flowers of white and gold lent colour and fragrance to the scene. On the reef the long rolling waves broke gently, the little wavelets leaping up in white spray as they raced among the big rocks that girt the hill-topped island of Atiu.

All nature smiled, but in man's heart was darkness and cruelty. Fierce shouts rang through the air, and the sound of heavy blows mingled with groans of pain. The

The story of a changed people
From "Coral Island Folk," by G. H. Eastman

wailing of the women, the cries of the frightened children, could be heard amid the martial chanting of the warriors' song.

It was a great day on Atiu Island. Rongomatane, the great chief of Atiu, was leading out his warriors to fight against the inhabitants of the smaller islands, Mauke and Mitiaro. The sacrifices ordered by the priests had been offered to the hideous fetishes; human victims had been slain and laid upon their altars to procure their favour; with weird dances and strange cries the priests had called for the aid of Oro, the god of war; of Rongo, the god who presided over the sea; of Tane, the giver of food, and protector of the land. The chief and his warriors had painted their bodies and put on their hideous fighting masks. Seizing



Photo by)

The place of launching, Atiu Island

[R. Wardlaw Thompson

their spears and clubs, at a word from the chief, the warriors rushed down to the beach where the great war canoes lay waiting. Some seized the wretched slaves, captured in an earlier foray, bound their hands and feet, and threw them down on the beach under the bows of the great canoes, while other warriors pushed the heavy craft over the human rollers down into the sea. With fierce yells the warriors sprang into the great canoes, and seizing the paddles, thrust their craft through the breakers out into the open sea. "*Kia mate! Kia mate!*" (Kill! Kill!) shouted the warriors, as they sped away on their errand of death.

Three Years Later

Another dawn was breaking on Atiu.

The chiefs and the "*rangatira*" or free-men were assembled in council in the enclosure of Rongomatane, high chief of Atiu. Two fishermen who had been out in their canoes the night before had seen at sunset, far away on the horizon, the sails of a huge and strange canoe, greater far than they had ever seen before. All was stir and commotion. What could this strange vessel be? Who were these new enemies, gods or men? Could *men* build such great canoes?

In a moment all was excitement. "Prepare my canoe," said Rongomatane; and he entered his hut, soon to emerge with his chief's head-dress of gay feathers, among which appeared the sacred red tail-feathers of the tropic bird, which common people were forbidden to use.

Soon the canoe was launched, and Rongomatane, seated on a high platform, was paddled off by a strong crew of picked men to meet the approaching vessel, whose huge size drew cries of astonishment from the Atiu people who thronged the beach.

The ship was *Te Matamua*.^{*} Rongomatane went on board to find John Williams and his band of teachers from Raiatea and Tahiti. Rongomatane was amazed to find on board his brother chieftain, Tamatoa, high chief of Aitutaki. He was still more amazed to find that Tamatoa and his people had abandoned the gods of their ancestors, Tangaroa, Rongo, Tane, Taria and the rest, and that they now worshipped the white men's God, Jehovah.

Rongomatane listened with astonishment when his brother chieftain told him that the gods of Aitutaki had been burned or thrown

away. "What!" he cried, "you have slighted Oro, and he has not destroyed you? You have burned Rongo, and he has not sent a tempest! You have thrown away Tane, and he has not blighted all your trees and plants!"

"No," said Tamatoa, "our gods were worthless things! They had eyes, but they saw not. They had ears, but they heard not. We have been deceived, you and I, and all our ancestors. We have worshipped lifeless gods that could neither harm nor help us. Come with me, and you shall see how we have treated our useless gods." And he led the astonished Rongomatane down into the hold of the vessel, and showed him the gods of Aitutaki lying tied in bundles, like the logs of wood they were, ready to be taken as trophies of the victories of the Gospel to show to the Christians of Raiatea, and of Britain.

"Look!" he said to Rongomatane, "there they lie, the worthless gods we feared." And he spurned them with his foot where they lay in the dust and darkness of the ship's hold. "Burn your gods, brother, throw them away. Worship Jehovah and His Son Jesus Christ, who has set us free from our bondage and our foolish fears."

Next day was Sunday, and the chief of Atiu was persuaded to stay on board that night. He listened to the teachers as they sang their evening hymn, and prayed to the God whom they called "Our Father which art in heaven." Something stirred within his heart.

That night Rongomatane slept but little. His mind was full of strange, new thoughts. When day came, he sat beside his brother chieftain while John Williams conducted the service. He heard him read those words from chapter xlv. of Isaiah which tell how a man in his ignorance will cut down a tree in the forest, and will warm himself and cook his food with the fire made from the wood of the tree; and then will take a piece of the wood that is left and make a god of it, and fall down and worship it.

"*E tika! E tika!*" ("It is true, it is true"), said Rongomatane.

Long after the service ended, Rongomatane sat and wondered. When evening came, he began to talk with Tamatoa and the others from Aitutaki, and with the teachers from Raiatea. At last conviction came to him. His wonder and his doubt gave way to anger at the way he and his

* The Scout, or The Eye in Front.

ancestors had been deceived into worshipping pieces of wood decorated with red feathers. When John Williams came on deck next morning, Rongomatane rushed up to him and cried, "Give me axes, give me axes!" "What for?" asked the startled missionary. The chief of Atiu replied, "To go ashore and destroy the *maraes*,* to cut in pieces the gods, hew down trees and build a church for the worship of Jehovah!"

So dawn came to Atiu Island.

1917

A great congregation filled the church at Atiu. The missionary and his party had come on the *John Williams* from Rarotonga, and had brought Tumupu, the son of Rongomatane, chief of Atiu, to say farewell to his people before going to Papua as a missionary teacher.

Tumupu rose in the midst of the people among whom he had been brought up, and reminded them of that day when he and two other young men had responded to the call to missionary service. He asked that

* The places of the Altars.

the prayers of his friends might follow him and his young wife as they went out on their adventure for Christ. Then Tumupu and his wife were set apart for the great task to which they had given their lives.

Next day the people came down to the landing-place to see the party off to the ship. Rongomatane, the chief, was there to say farewell to his son and daughter-in-law. There was a break in his voice as he gripped young Tumupu's hand, and bade him farewell, but he was a proud and happy father that day. The old chiefs of Atiu, in the dark heathen days, had sent out their sons to kill and to destroy, with anger and malice in their hearts. But a new day had come to Atiu, and the hearts of the once fierce Atiuans were being tamed by the King of Peace. So now Rongomatane sent out his son not to kill, but to save, not with anger and hate, but with love in his heart. The old war-cry had been: *Kia mate! Kia mate!*" ("Kill! Kill!") The new cry which Rongomatane and his men sent ringing after the missionary son of the chief was "*Kia ora na! Kia ora na!*" ("May you live! May you live!")

Concerted Silence

A New Way at Prayer Meetings

A friend sends the following note about his methods:—

OUR Prayer Union is quite small—sixty on the books, with an average attendance of about forty. I told them at the start that the prayer-meeting methods that I remembered thirty years ago would—and did—kill anything. I explained to them that spiritual things have psychological affiliations and even bases, and that there is a real difference between concerted common prayer and individual prayer. Then I made it clear that God could hear hearts just as easily as voices, and—along the line of the 'Fellowship of Silence'—that there is just as much prayer-power in a meeting knit by an understood (and especially by a *not misunderstood*) silence, as a meeting knit by a voice—and not rarely *distracted* by a voice. Therefore there should be no such feeling (as used to obtain in the old-type prayer-meeting) of constraint and discomfort (accompanied by 'peeping about'!), when no one prayed audibly and the company fell to silence. We have a few people who can lead audibly with great power and taste. During the course

of the hour they generally do; but we have almost choked off the genial bore who insists on being theological, universal and interminable. We have long pauses of silent prayer, during which I often read out at intervals, definite (and carefully prepared) objects for prayer. 'Let us all pray for . . . , for . . . , etc.' All present are definitely concentrating on *one thing at a time*, and are in no danger of being distracted by wondering how much longer the 'bore' is going on. Then, because I think it is good that timid people (who are in no danger of going on too long, but won't 'go' at all because they are afraid they would break down) should be encouraged to find and trust their voices, I ask half a dozen to *write* a short prayer of their own before they come, and to *read* them.

"So we get through our delightful hour with considerable intervals of silence, broken only by the leader's 'Subject' suggestions, with very brief prepared prayers from the timid, and a few exalted prayers from the gifted, interspersed with brief talks—quite informal and general—about missionary interests."

A Visit to the Ellice Islands

Nanumaga's Jubilee
A Record Offering

*No fictitious adventure could be more thrilling than that exploit of Elikana the Cook Islander who, being blown adrift in his canoe, fell ashore in the Ellice Group 1,200 miles away, after eight weeks' agony at sea.**

He began a Christian mission there which spread to other islands in the Group. Among them was Nanumaga which heard the Gospel fifty years ago, and has been celebrating the jubilee. This narrative of the Rev. C. J. Kinnersley and Miss E. Downs shows how they did it.

Faraimo dies—No ship

WE left Nukefetau on Sunday, September 6th, for Nui, which was reached the next morning. To the sorrow of all on board who knew him, news came from the shore that Faraimo, the pastor for nearly twenty years, had passed away a week before the arrival of the ship after an illness of two months during which no vessel had called at the island. In fact between March and September no contact with the outside world had been made, as a vessel bound for the Ellice Islands from Samoa some months before, had been wrecked on Nassau, and no other vessel had replaced it till the *John Williams* had called at Samoa a week or two before. Had there been more frequent intercourse between the islands, or if it were possible for the Government to appoint a qualified doctor who could visit each island every few months, such illnesses among the people might be checked in time, and in this case perhaps Faraimo's life might have been saved.

His death was all the more tragic in that his furlough was due last year, and he would have travelled to Samoa, but for the fact that he had been in hospital in Funafuti for some months, and had only been able to return to Nui on the *John Williams*. He and Sivao his wife had been led to remain for another year with the promise that a successor would be appointed to take his place in the coming year. Saua and his wife had been accepted at the Fono in May last for this charge and travelled with us, little thinking that we should not find him ready to return to his own land and people. It was a day of mixed feelings for all of the deputation. Sivao was ready to leave by the ship, and farewells combined with welcome to the new pastor and his wife, who were related to Faraimo. The people were so attached to Faraimo that earlier in the year a letter was sent to Samoa from the chiefs begging us not to allow Faraimo to retire from his work there, but to urge him

to return after furlough. And now after his long term of service for Nui and the whole Group he rests among the people he loved, and by whom he was loved, and his works do follow him. A beautiful church finished a year or two ago and dedicated last year stands as a memorial to his zeal.

Nanumaga's great gift

Nanumaga was reached the next morning, September 8th. This year marked the jubilee of the coming of the Gospel to this island, and for five years the people have been preparing for a suitable means of celebrating the event. It was to take the form of the largest contribution which any island of the Group had ever given to the L.M.S. They realised their intention by collecting during this period the sum of



Missionaries going ashore—Ellice Island.

* See "History of the L.M.S.," Vol. 1, pp. 422-429 (Lovett); also "Ships of Peace" (Basil Mathews).

A Visit to the Ellice Islands

£1,113* the whole of which with the exception of the 10 per cent. deduction for district uses, goes to assist the L.M.S. funds. The first day was spent in the ordinary work of the annual deputation, but the following morning the Jubilee service was held in the church, and addresses were given by Pastors Ilaoa and Peni who accompanied us from Funafuti, and an old deacon who reminded the congregation of some of the conditions which had existed in the pre-Christian days when infanticide was prevalent, and spirit-worship the religion of the people. A feast followed, and presentation of native mats. A note of interest was struck during the service by the reading of a letter from a son of the Samoan missionary under whom fifty years ago the village first turned to the light of the gospel. That son is now a student in Malua.

Remember these men

Four candidates for ordination were accepted by the Fono, and in the afternoon Samuelu of Nukefetau, Foua of Nanumea, Esera of Motofoua, and Ioane of Niutao were ordained according to custom.

After an absence of five weeks, we look back with much thankfulness for the opportunity of seeing the work in these isolated islands where the Gospel of Jesus Christ is being preached by faithful men who have endured the loneliness of their station gladly that they may bring more light to

* In the whole group of nine islands there are only 3,000 people.

these people who are still young in the faith.

The spirit of the people is shown this year in a doubled contribution from most of the islands, apart from the Jubilee offering a gross total of £1,686 5s. 2d. having been given. The 10 per cent. deduction leaves £1,517 12s. 8d. as a contribution to the L.M.S. work this year as compared with less than £300 last year. The year has been profitable in the production of copra, and as a result there is this generous response as a thankoffering to the Society to which they owe so much. The very short time that the *John Williams* is in the Group does not provide the opportunity for getting to a close understanding of the problems which confront the pastors who often in doubt and uncertainty try to be faithful to their high calling, and seldom do they fail in their trust.

This daughter church of the Samoan Church is well worth nurturing, and the spirit which has made this church what it is is also marked in the younger cause, for its sons and daughters go out to the distant land of Papua to proclaim what has come to them. Moulogo of Vaitupu and Reuelu of Atafu are two candidates for missionary service in Papua now waiting for the opportunity to serve where they have been called. It is this fact which encourages a deputation visiting the islands in the belief that God has some purpose for these lesser peoples which may not yet be apparent to our eyes but for which they are being prepared.

A Loss to Missions

CANON C. H. ROBINSON of the S.P.G. died suddenly on November 23rd. He had been in ill-health, but had not given up his work; on the day that he died, letters arrived from him at the office of his society. In a real sense Canon Robinson belonged to all the missionary societies. His work upon the history of missions showed his immense knowledge and his catholic spirit. He made *The East and the West* a quarterly in which the missionary cause in all its breadth was represented. Many times he printed articles by L.M.S. writers, and he would constantly inquire what writers of ours would be available for his quarterly. Canon Robinson in his youth was a missionary in Hausa-land, and he became and remained a leading authority upon

The late Canon Robinson

(Society for the Propagation of the Gospel)

that important language. His early days were days of pioneering in new lands; his later were spent in no less loyal and strenuous service at the Home Base. There must be many readers of THE CHRONICLE who remember with gratitude Canon Robinson's studies in the character of Christ; and many who will possess and prize the letters of Forbes Robinson, his brother, of which he was the editor. In all the manifold co-operative works of the missionary societies, Canon Robinson took his full share; and from the British Conference and the United Council of Missionary Education he will be missed. Our readers will unite with our brethren in the S.P.G. to give thanks for this devoted and gifted life.

The Samoan Church

Its First Century
By Alex Hough

*From an address delivered at the Assembly of the
Congregational Union at Bournemouth in October, 1925.*



AMOIA is nominally Christian. Every village has its pastor, and every church is self-supporting. Sometimes the support seems very small, but each village provides a house, food, and a plantation of coconuts. At the

end of the year the village gives the pastor a gift in money. Sometimes it is quite large. A few men receive £100, and a number have received £250 and £300. I have heard, however, of a village which gave its pastor two shillings and a live hen as his salary.

The whole of the Samoan group of ten islands is divided into seven districts.

Each of these seven districts is complete in itself and is divided into smaller sub-districts. The pastors of the sub-district meet once a month and arrange their own work. The district as a whole meets once a quarter.

One of the features of the Samoan Church is the Native Advisory Council—the company of elders. It is composed of elder pastors and deacons. You are never wise until you are old in Samoa. My grey hairs have added much dignity to my name. The Native Advisory Council meets in May and December. The pastors and deacons on this Council act as the guides and advisers of their younger brethren, and watch over the whole welfare of the Church. Their influence is enormous.

The Assembly in Samoa

The great meeting of the Samoan Church is, however, its Fono Tele, held once a year at our head-quarters. It is the Congregational Union Assembly of the Samoan Church. We have equal representation of pastors and deacons as delegates with voting power. Some of the subjects seem trifling.

“Let the stitching in the new hymn-book be made a little stronger.”

“Why is it that the slates given to our children as school prizes break so easily?”

When the Samoan brethren get to grips with some real difficulty affecting the moral and spiritual welfare of the Church, they themselves give short shrift to these questions. We always give the Samoans time to discuss everything, for nothing can be passed that is not passed unanimously.

There are three great tasks before the Samoan Church to-day: (1) Self-support; (2) Education; (3) Missionary enterprise.

The Cheerful Giver

In 1915, when the Deputation from the Directors visited us, we accepted the principle that the time had come for the Native Church and the Mission to be one. The Samoan Church had given generously to the funds of the Society, but they had never (except once) given back to the Society all that it had expended on them. They were now asked to shoulder the responsibility of paying for everything. The Samoan Church was asked to try to raise its contributions within five years to £5,000, this being the estimated amount expended annually by the Society on Samoa. The idea was not gladly accepted by the Samoans. They did not want to change the old order. They were afraid lest the Society would cease to care for them. Their cry was, “The Society is our mother; we are its child. Let us still hold to our mother’s hand.” In May, 1916, they accepted the Society’s offer, and promised to attempt to raise £5,000. The first year the Samoan Church raised £8,500; second year, £7,000; third year, £7,000, and then dropped in the fourth year to £4,000. This is just what we had expected. During the first four years we had been clearing away all sorts of difficulties. If you think that after you have explained a thing to a Samoan and he says he understands perfectly, you are finished with the subject, you will be sadly disappointed.

It was perhaps fortunate that the Samoan Church did not raise the whole £5,000 in the fourth and fifth years. The first three years had given us quite a good reserve fund, and so we could not only press for the £5,000 being made up from this reserve, but had an excellent opportunity of impressing upon

The Samoan Church

our brethren the disastrous effect this carelessness would have upon the work. To-day I think we can safely say that the Samoan Church understands the question of self-support. We are proud to think that the Church is not only self-supporting, but is still contributing to the funds of the Society. Our Finance Committee, which consists of fourteen Samoans and our white staff, has decided that 10 per cent. of the total contributions shall be given to the Society, but that the sum per annum must never be less than £500. This was entirely a native idea and was accepted with enthusiasm by the whole Samoan Church.

Getting Control

When we wanted to give the Samoans the control of their own affairs they were unwilling. They were afraid, not only of the responsibility, but of themselves. They are getting that control gradually without realising it.

Our next great task is that of education. In the past all the education that the Samoans have ever received has come from the missions. Every pastor is the village schoolmaster, and we are very proud of the fact that every Samoan can read and write. The elementary education given by the Samoan pastors was not very advanced, but it was perhaps as much as was necessary for the very primitive needs of the people.

Civilisation is crowding in on the Samoan, and to-day more has to be done if he is to meet this inrush. The Samoan is intelligent and quick, but I would not say he is intellectual. He has a wonderful picture mind. He absorbs like a sponge, and in our examinations we find he can squeeze out his knowledge on to reams and reams of paper. Correcting papers is truly a weariness of the flesh.

The Need for Work

New Zealand has faced this task of education in a very thorough and capable way. The Governor formed an Education Board, and that Board has accepted a scheme of which I am the author, and which, I venture to think, will be a valuable factor in the advancement of the Samoan. The primary education remains in the

hands of the Samoan pastor. These schools are under the control of the Missions, but are regularly inspected and examined by the Government teachers. All the education necessary for the average Samoan is given in these schools, but here is where one of our greatest difficulties come in. Samoans don't need to earn a living. There is nothing to urge them out to work, and so every Samoan has time and money to go on to high schools, whether they be Government or Mission high schools.

We are now working in close co-operation with the Government in an endeavour so to educate this child race that the Samoan will be better able to meet the ever-increasing demands made upon him. We are trying to make the Samoan a good Samoan, and not a bad white man. While giving him a knowledge of English we are preserving his own language and we are training him in the only thing which will save him from race extinction—namely, habits of industry which find their outlet in a better and fuller cultivation of his own soil. We believe this work of education is vital to our Church, because the Samoan must have that spiritual and moral training which is so often lacking in secular education.

The Mission Field narrows

It has always been the glory of the Samoan Church that it was a missionary church. What a wonderful list of conquests this church has. Within ten years of hearing of the Gospel of our Lord they were away telling others. John Williams died in the New Hebrides and the Samoan Church sent out many men and women to avenge that death, not in the old heathen way, but in the way they knew their Lord would have them do it. I am always proud to think



Samoans going to Church

that I belong to a Church which was first in the New Hebrides—Samoans were there before Dr. Paton—first in Niue, or Savage Island, first in the Tokelau, Ellice and Gilbert groups and amongst the pioneers of Papua and Northern New Guinea. The Samoan Church *was* a missionary church. Is it not still a missionary church? Yes, missionary in spirit, with ever decreasing opportunity of expressing that spirit in missionary enterprise. Its very success has created one of the problems which makes us look into the future of the Samoan Church with some little fear. The New Hebrides have long ceased to be a mission field of the Samoan Church. So has Niue. The Tokelau and Ellice Islands are part of the Samoan Church. The Gilbert Islands require fewer

men each year. The Mission in Papua alone remains, and here the numbers are being steadily reduced, until only a few specially suited and trained Samoans will be required. We have to face the fact that the Samoan would be lost outside the Pacific. What could he do in India or China? We do not know, therefore, what the future missionary work of the Samoan Church may be.

Wherever the Samoan can preach the Gospel you may be sure he will. We rejoice to think he has recognised the stranger within his gates.

Whether that stranger be from China or Melanesia, he comes to a people who have that kind of interest in the alien which arises from the recognition of him as a fellow heir in the Divine plans and purposes.

The Red and White Quilt

By Hilda Small, of Samoa



WHEN I was on deputation in the north of England an old lady came in to see my hostess. She was very poorly dressed, but scrupulously clean and neat, and she carried a package under her arm. She sat down and set the package on her knee. It was wrapped up in many folds of newspaper, and she handled it as one does a much-loved possession.

Then she began to speak. She said: "You see, miss, I wanted to bring along somethin' for the L.M.S. I have no money to buy anything. So I've brought this."

She paused to unroll a red and white quilt, looked at it lovingly, and continued: "It was given to me on my weddin' day, but it was too good for the likes o' me, so I put it aside till now. Take it for the sale."

I looked at her sweet old face illumined with the joy of giving of her best, and once again, in that little room, I heard Christ speak:

"All these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God, but she of her penury hath cast in all that she had."

In many a cottage home where I had the privilege of staying I saw as many as three boxes on the mantelpiece—one for the

local hospital, one for Dr. Barnardo's homes, and always one for our beloved Society, and though the combined wages of the family did not amount to more than £2 10s. weekly, there were offerings in all the boxes. Precious in the sight of our Lord are the gifts of the poor.

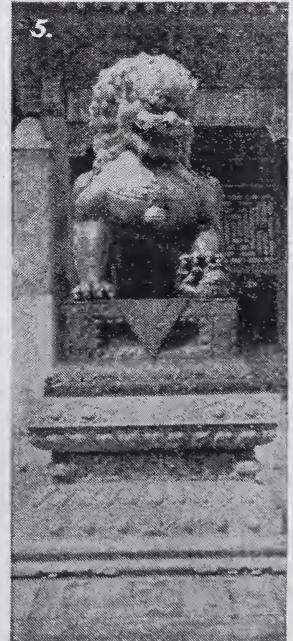
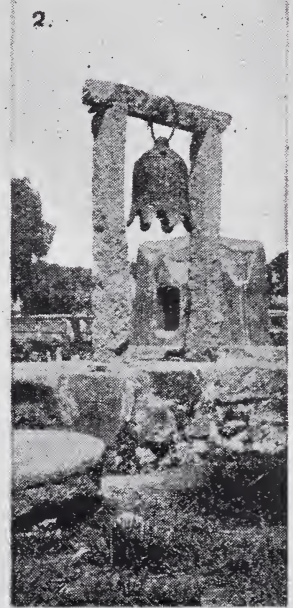
I travel southwards again, back to the new lands under the Southern Cross. As I journey I send this tribute to the splendid women of the English churches. Your glorious task it is to keep alight the Torch of God. May your devotion ever enrich and purify the spiritual life of your churches.

To those of us who live under southern skies in Australia and New Zealand, where life is prosperous and opportunities are many, let not materialism deaden our churches and atrophy our souls. Because we have enough and to spare, let us never become insular and self-centred, caring nothing for the needs of the great hungry world, but let us join the great Sisterhood of "women . . . who minister unto Him of their substance."

He is waiting with long patience
For His coming day,
For that Kingdom which shall never
Pass away.

Waiting till His Royal Banner
Floateth far and wide,
Till he seeth of His Travail,
Satisfied.

WITHIN THE GREAT WALL—NORTH CHINA



Photos by]

[Muriel Gibbon, of Tsangchow

1.—Part of the Great Wall of China, 1,500 miles long. 2.—A village shrine and iron bell. Offerings go inside the big hollow stone. 3.—A village temple—a big image of Buddha is inside. 4.—One of the main streets of Peking. It has a raised footpath, but the shopkeepers use it for their packages. 5.—A bronze lioness with her paw upon a cub.

RICHARD BAXTER'S LONG VIEW.

"Nor was I ever before so sensible what a plague the division of languages was which hindereth our speaking to them (Mahometans and infidels) for their conversion; nor what a great sin tyranny is, which keepeth out the Gospel from most of the nations of the world. Could we but go among Tartarians, Turks and heathens, and speak their language, I should be but little troubled for the silencing of eighteen hundred ministers at once in England, nor for all the rest that were cast out here, and in Scotland and Ireland: there being no employment in the world so desirable in my eyes as to labour for the winning of such miserable souls: which maketh me greatly honour Mr. John Eliot, the apostle of the Indians in New England, and whoever else have laboured in such work."

(From the *Autobiography of Richard Baxter*, by J. Lloyd Thomas.
Richard Baxter himself was one of the ministers who were silenced in 1662.)

THINKING IT OUT—No. 1

By Edward Shillito

There was a new poster in the vestibule of the church to which the four men belong. Each of them read it; and strange to relate, each paid attention to it. One thing they were urged to do—THINK IT OUT; and they did.

The First Man

I

THE first man, as he would freely confess, is a practical man with no great taste for theology. For him religion is most convincing when it does things. Nor is he much concerned with ancient things; he cannot forget the times in which he lives, and the sights which meet him in his own city. A true and sincere believer in Christ, he desires most of all to see His will carried out in human society. That is why "Copec"* has laid hold upon him, and seems to open up a new hope of applied Christianity. That Christ should be supreme over the whole of life, in politics, and industry, in education and in social life, that for him is the meaning of the Christian religion.

II

For some reasons he is cool towards Foreign Missions. It may be that some unhappy experience of early days has coloured his mind; or perhaps he has met with travellers who have told him about the luxury of the missionaries, and the false ideas which they put into the minds of the black or yellow races. However it has come about, he does not link the causes upon which he is most in earnest with the Foreign Missionary enterprise. That belongs rather to the realm of the spiritual and other-worldly; and he is impatient to see Faith in action here and now. The two realms do not meet.

* Conference on Christian Politics, Economics and Citizenship.

III

He thinks it out. That is to say, he thinks out his position along two lines. He is thinking what is involved in the programme of reform, which he wishes to see. It is certainly knowledge; but not knowledge only. It would not be enough even to convince the citizens of a country that a certain way of living was good. They can be good if they will; *but how are they to will?* That is the question which makes him halt. There is need of more love in human relationship; but first of all there must be more love in human beings; and where is that to come from? It is at this point that he begins to see that for social reform there is needed more than knowledge. There must be a Redeemer, Who can enter, transform and fill the human heart.

IV

He thinks out his problem, that is to say, in terms of human life. It is not moral and spiritual power for a Briton that he seeks and finds, but power for man—a Power, that is to say, as mighty and as needed in other lands as He is here—a Power that is ready to enter lives whether they are lived in East and West, North or South. What is needed to deal with Housing, or Education, or Drink, is a New Motive and a New Power in Man. If it acts in one man, it can act in every man. If it is not meant for every man, it is not meant for any man.

V

"In the end, yes!" he says, "but when I have a piece of work to do, I finish it in sections. Why does not the Lord finish His work here in this society of ours, and then proceed to others?" But at once there comes to him the thought that the

Thinking It Out

areas of human life are not separated. The barriers of distance are taken down. No nation can live to itself or die to itself. No one life can be lived without relationships of giving and receiving with others in every part of the world. Work cannot be finished in one part, because there is no isolating any one part. "The world is a neighbourhood." Therefore it is impossible to wait for the redeeming work to be finished here. That is not possible. That is not practical. The man who thinks only of the home field is the dreamer. He is the one who is living in a world of theory. He is "other-worldly," if by that we mean that his world is other than this.

VI

He thinks it out. The redeeming work which begins from within man cannot be limited to one land. Industry, commerce, politics, unite us together, not as Britons, but as men. And there is no hope for any unless there is hope for all. We must all keep in the ship if any of us are to be saved. But where do the missionaries enter? At this point he thinks within himself whether he has sufficient reason for his coldness to missions. Has he been moved by vague memories? Or by rumours? Has he ever taken the trouble to study what has been done by missions? Has he data for his indifference? Or is he doing, what is so easy, making up his mind and closing it upon very flimsy evidence?

VII

There is at least a case for enquiry. Here is a man who is eager to see Christianity in action upon the society of his own land.

He sees that it must be the work of the Gospel of Christ, working from within the spirit of man. He sees that this must proceed all along the line and at the same time. Our social redemption depends in part upon the social redemption of China and Japan and India. There, too, the transforming power of the Gospel must be made known.

And who are the men and women who have seen this all the time? It may become plain to the thinker, that if in any field of the activity of the Church there has been a claim for the whole of life, it is in the Mission Field.

VIII

What if these men and women were awake before others to the wonderful and inspiring vision of a Christianity that claims all men and all that is within man?

If I awake to see a splendid vision, and at the same time I find others who have been awake and busy upon the service of the vision long before I awakened, what should I think of them?



The white man's motor launch in a far-off Papuan creek

The ends of the earth meet—they are no longer "ends"

THE L.M.S.			Missionaries.	Native Agents.	Church Members.	Adherents.	Their Gifts.
IN							£
Madagascar	24	3,309	36,164	199,455	35,581
South Seas	19	233	16,865	38,165	23,651
Papua	16	63	4,516	7,257	1,176
			59	3,605	57,545	244,877	£60,408

Tropical islands are usually imagined as abounding in the kindly fruits of the earth and presenting to the missionary a limitless store of agreeable food.

Many of them are fertile to a high degree but others—for reasons explained in the following notes—are nearly barren of suitable food and the difficulty of provisioning a missionary there is one of those recurring anxieties which ought to be remembered in all thought and study of the Islands as well as in connection with the maintenance of the ship, "John Williams."



NOTHING will show the need for the *John Williams* more clearly than a study of the Gilbert Islands. They are mere coral sand-banks, subject to severe droughts which occur about once every seven years,

with less severe droughts in between. At such times no rain falls for eighteen months or two years. Any vegetation that has struggled into existence becomes absolutely scorched, and even the coconut palm suffers severely. Attempts have been made by the missionaries and others to introduce food plants from Samoa and elsewhere, but with no success. The soil which is imported washes away through the coral, and is lost. The natives live chiefly upon coconuts, which are used in all stages of their development. In addition they have fish, and in some islands a limited supply of a coarse kind of taro. They have no milk and no fresh meat, except at weddings, for which festivals they keep a few pigs.

Under these conditions how do the Europeans live? There are for their use native fowls, very small and skinny, which are fed upon coconuts. There are in addition imported fowls, but these are hard to keep, since the wheat which is imported to feed them goes mouldy. Fish is not plentiful off Beru Island, and it cannot be bought from the natives. Fishermen have to be employed to go out for the missionaries. In years when there is an abundant rainfall a small jack-fruit is obtained, and a very small pawpaw. There may be a few other rare occasional foods, but almost all the food supplies of the Europeans have to be

imported from Sydney. This is where the steamship *John Williams* comes into the story.

It is more necessary to-day than ever. In the days of Mr. Goward a steamer from Sydney called five times a year. This steamer was wrecked in 1919, and has not been replaced. Therefore to-day the staff in these islands is dependent on the *John Williams*. It brings cases of potatoes and onions, but these only last a few weeks, and for the greater part of the year no vegetables are obtainable. Rice, flour, and cereals arrive with the ship, but they have a great attraction for insect life, and for months before the arrival of fresh supplies most of the cereal foods are full of small black creatures. Dried fruit is obtained, but it is difficult to keep because of the great heat. All other food is tinned—tinned meats, fish, cheese, fruits, vegetables, milk, butter, etc. These tinned goods frequently go bad owing to the heat. Tinned vegetables have very little nutriment, and tinned meats are, as the missionary says, "Laodicean." "We have tried to live," he adds, "as simply as possible, using a minimum quantity of tinned goods, and eliminating tinned meats almost entirely, but it is difficult to obtain a sufficient variety of nutritive foods." It must be noted that the imposition of a duty of 12½ per cent. on all imported foods increases the food difficulties for European residents.

If the difficulties are so great under present conditions, it is easy to picture what they would be if there were no *John Williams*. Sometimes it is imagined that the lot of a modern missionary is comparatively free from hardship, but the plain study of the food supply of the Gilberts will show that the outposts in these islands have much still to endure, both from loneliness and from privation.

The L.M.S. Campaign is the concrete expression of a deepening and critical movement of the Spirit of God in our midst. If we can relate the world-wide implications of the Gospel to the routine business of every Church meeting, and reawaken the missionary impulse in every Christian life, we shall behold in full flow that spiritual revival which is long overdue and for which we have so earnestly prayed. Not only the prosperity, but the very existence of our Churches depends upon their recovery of the spirit of aggressive evangelism at home and abroad.

(Rev. Prof.) Ernest J. Price, M.A., B.D.

THE PASSING HOUR

*"Tis mine the passing
hour to tell;
'Tis thine to use it
ill or well."*

The Sun



In Betsileo, Madagascar

"THERE is still a big work awaiting the L.M.S. in Betsileo," writes the R. v. Noel B. Whitfield. "As far as one can see, our work has really only just begun. We have to build on the foundations so well and soundly laid by our predecessors. Educational work of all varieties should be a foremost and essential plank in our policy for the future. A sign of the times not seen before is that the Betsileo are beginning to ask and thirst for education. There lies our opportunity, and there lies the secret of the success of our work for the future."

The late Dr. G. H. Bondfield

ALTHOUGH thirty years have passed since George H. Bondfield retired from the position of L.M.S. missionary in China, he had been closely associated with our China missionaries through his office of British and Foreign Bible Society agent in the East, and among them he had always been a brother beloved. Miss Margaret Bondfield, his sister, presided at the Society's Annual Public Meeting in 1924. Mr. Bondfield went to China in 1883, and worked in Amoy and Hong-Kong until 1894. He will be remembered by all who knew him as one who maintained in a high degree through all his daily life and work the character of a Christian gentleman.

Dr. Harford's Successor

THE Hon. Montagu Waldegrave has been appointed to succeed the late Dr. Charles F. Harford as Chairman of the Executive of the Native Races and the Liquor Traffic United Committee, to which the L.M.S. makes an annual grant. Mr. Waldegrave's service in the Mission Field

and his knowledge of the various races in India as well as in Africa, specially fit him for the responsible position to which he has been called.

Universal Week of Prayer (Jan. 3 to 9)

For eighty years the first full week of the year has been kept as a time for prayer by Christian people in all lands.

In the call to prayer, which is signed by a large number of representative leaders in the churches, there is a special place for Foreign Missions on Thursday, January 7th. Among the petitions suggested are these:—

"For missionaries far removed, often in anxiety or fear; for the children of missionaries, separated from their parents, and deprived of the comfort and protection of home.

"For missionaries—discouraged, invalidated home, overworked, struggling with an intractable language and placed in uncongenial surroundings.

"That all who go forth in the Name of the Lord Jesus may walk daily and hourly in the Saviour's grace, that the deadly chill of their heathen surroundings may not conquer their spirit, that they may bathe their souls in the purity of Christ, and exhibit the power of Christianity by their love for one another.

"That the Lord would thrust out more labourers into His harvest; and that young people in increasing numbers may be led to consecrate their lives to the service of Jesus Christ."

Far Horizons

PUBLIC schoolboys throughout Britain are reading a small magazine of a special sort. It is called *Far Horizons* and is produced jointly by the Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and

the London Missionary Society, and edited by the Rev. Edward Shillito. Its chief concern is to carry the inner eye of the reader to foreign lands for a better understanding of the people and events to be found there and the

increase of sympathy with the men and women of all denominations who are giving their lives in Christian service abroad. Specimen copies will be sent on application to the L.M.S.

Can you be Christian and not Missionary ?

By G. E. Darlaston, M.A.
(Crouch End)



THE central effect of Christianity is that it liberates a man from himself. It does so by reconciling him to God and giving him peace and poise among all the mysteries and forces of life. Ancient Paganism was tremendously self-concerned.

Modern Paganism is no less so. In them life is centred in the self; pleasure, work, self-preservation, are all means of satisfying the self as it is. If a man does not find God outside himself, he very soon becomes his own god. If he does not believe that the world is God's world, he believes it is his own world. The great tragic episodes in the history of the world are due to this. The egoism of powerful leaders, or the massed egoism of a lot of little people, twist the Eternal world-order to their own liking, and after a very little while it reacts and shakes itself free, and in the process shakes the egoists to destruction.

As a system of thought, as a religion, as the practical policy for life, Christianity is the opposite to all this. As we recall at Christmas-time, it begins with the Babe of Bethlehem. The new era commences there. The ages are re-dated from that event. Hitherto the might of Rome and the genius of Greece had dominated history. There was no history before the foundation of the City of Rome. There was no ideal beyond the glory that was Greece. But with Christmas and Christianity a new thing comes in to dominate—strange to say, a Babe who

becomes a Redeemer, a Babe and a Mother, Love and God, a Family, with God as Father and His Spirit of grace and truth as the bond of family life. A new genius had come into history, one that could mother all the sons of men; a new power, not to wrest the world to a human purpose, but to win it into the Divine purpose.

That Holy Family of Christ grew as others were born into it. It soon included the Eleven and the One Hundred and Twenty, and a multitude that no man can number. Its luminous centre is the One who came as the Missionary of the Kingdom of Heaven. The source and soul of its spirit is the One "who saved others, himself He could not save." Its characteristic action is seen in its out-giving activity; its perennial message has been that others may have "fellowship with us" and with Christ and with the Father. How strange, therefore, seems the question whether we must be missionary or not! It is like asking must a Negro be black? must a man walk upright? must a child love its mother? To be non-missionary, that is abnormal, monstrous, a freak. And yet the question must be discussed because our paganism persists and the natural man is strong. Even a member of the family can be strangely aloof from the spirit of the family and ignorant of its secret and meaning. But in this case there is always hope. The nearer we get to Christ, the clearer grows the sense of our mission in life, and the nearer we get to anyone who is possessed with the power of the Christian purpose in life, the nearer we get to Christ. Every missionary in the field may know that he and she are not merely labouring to bring those who are afar into the family—they are also bringing the family nearer and nearer to the heart of Christ.

Those in our churches who hold aloof from helping Foreign Missions can be classed mainly in two groups—a small group of those who are critically opposed to Missions, and a much larger one of those who are merely indifferent about them. It is our job so to present the story of what Foreign Missions are doing that many from both these groups will realise the urgency of the call and the glory of the work and will come over and help us.—*Ethel M. Colman.*

The Dances of Kiwai

Their Religious Meaning

In his new book, "Among Papuan Head Hunters" (Seeley Service, 21s.), Mr. Baxter Riley, of the L.M.S. in Papua, has gathered together the fruits of his direct observation of many native customs. The book will greatly help in our understanding of the primitive people who inhabit the islands at the mouth of the Fly River, as the following extracts will show.

THE dance in memory of the recent dead took place once a month during the south-east season of the year. When the natives were asked the reasons why this dance, which was the most important of all the native ceremonies, took place once a month, the following three reasons were given: (1) *wade dogo gido* (for a good harvest); (2) *misiro kirobo gido* (for good luck or good fortune in fishing); (3) *samo gido* (for joy).

It was thought that the spirits of their dead had the power to produce a bumper harvest, to give success to all kinds of fishing, especially for dugong and turtle, or to cause the reverse to happen—to blight their gardens and cause misfortune during fishing operations.

* * *

Women and children firmly believed that the dancers representing the spirits of the dead were actually the real spirits of their departed relatives and friends. The men, however, did not share that belief; they knew that the whole thing was a piece of deception, but did their utmost to encourage the belief held by the women and children. Yet these same men firmly believed that the spirits of their ancestors were present at all their dances, and also at their gardening operations and their fishing, though unseen by them, and that they rejoiced at the honour done to their memory by the dancers and the sacrificial gifts of food.

The food given to the men who danced as representative spirits during the festivals was considered sacred.

It was a firm conviction in the mind of every Kiwai native that if they did not show their respect and gratitude to the spirits of their dead by gifts of food the spirits would be displeased and misfortune would fall upon their gardens and their fishing would be unsuccessful. One old man said to me: "If no food were provided for a spirit, no preparations made for a dance in its honour, the spirit who was present and saw others honoured would return to Adiri disappointed and angry. It would say, 'My boy did nothing for me; all right, I will do nothing for him.'" The native idea seems to have

been—the greater the amount of food presented to the spirit of the dead, the greater the pains taken in dressing for the dance, the greater would be the joy of the spirit, and the greater the favours that would be bestowed upon the givers of the food and upon the performers in the dance.

If any man were to neglect his duty to the memory of the dead, he offended not only the departed spirit, but offended against public custom and public opinion. Such an offence never passed unnoticed. The offender would be reminded of it sooner or later. If he should happen to have a little unpleasantness with a member of his own clan, he would be reminded of his neglect, and told that the supply of food given to the spirits of his ancestors was very meagre. Then



The Dance of the Spirits of the sea beach
One of the Dancers

the one who had failed in his sacred duty would be filled with shame, and would immediately take steps to rectify his misconduct.

The giving of the food to the spirits, which gratified and pleased them, also gave great pleasure to the givers of the food, and also to the spirit dancers who ate it. Thus the departed spirits, who had returned to their old homes for the time being, rejoiced and made merry with the living members of the tribe or community.

After each of the monthly dances held in memory of the dead, the *huwo*, or teased coco-nut leaves used as a covering for the body by the various performers, together with the *makamaka* or leg ornaments, were always buried in the gardens or along the side of a river or swamp, that the gardens might be more productive, and a great quantity of fish procured. Thus every effort was made to keep on good terms with the departed spirits and secure their goodwill, so that when they were called upon they would hear and grant the requests of the suppliants.

* * *

In one dance called the *oromo rubi oboro*—namely, the dance of the spirits of the sea-beach—the acting was delightful and full of suggestion. The first time I witnessed this performance, which is over twenty years ago, I recognised four out of the six things represented by the actors. The first performer represented a crocodile swimming

in the water. Now, if any person had previously seen one of these reptiles in its native element, lifting its head just above the surface of the water, then submerging it again, and repeatedly doing the same thing, he would not have had difficulty in recognising what the native was suggesting. When I saw this performance it brought back to my mind a crocodile which I had seen a few weeks before off the village of Auti, in the Fly River, and all the incidents connected with it, and the attempts of my boy to shoot it. This was the first time I had seen a crocodile outside a zoological garden.

A second dance suggested a cassowary. This was both clever and highly amusing. The actor imitated the walking of the bird to perfection. The somewhat peculiar manner in which it places its feet on the ground was suggested by the movements of the hands. The way the bird swallows its food was particularly well done. The best part, however, was the imitation of the bird looking into the branches of an imaginary tree to see if there were any fruit upon it. When the survey was finished and considered satisfactory, the performer kicked the tree, causing the fruit to fall to the earth, after which the bird walked round inspecting the amount which had fallen to the ground.

Another figure represented a fish-hawk with outstretched wings floating majestically over the sea, waiting its opportunity to pounce upon and seize any fish which might come to the surface.

To New Readers of

“THE CHRONICLE”

This Magazine is published to increase interest in the work of the London Missionary Society, founded in 1795, and now responsible for the maintenance of 295 missionaries in India, China, Africa, Madagascar, South Seas, and Papua.

* * *

There are also nearly 8,000 native agents with over half a million Christians in these missions.

* * *

Among the great names of the Society's missionaries are Livingstone, Moffat, John Williams, James Chalmers, Griffith John, Robert Morrison.

* * *

It is not enough to hold the Christian faith, Christians must strive to make that faith prevail everywhere.

Campaign—Great Young People's Rally

At the invitation of the Campaign Officers, the Metropolitan Auxiliary Council is arranging a Young People's Rally to be held in the City Temple on Friday, January 15th, at 7 p.m. The Chairman will be the President of the M.A.C. (the Rev. J. Allardyce), and the speakers Rev. A. M. Chirgwin, M.A., and Rev. B. T. Butcher (of Papua). It is earnestly hoped that EVERY Church in London will be represented by at least twelve delegates under thirty-five years of age. Tickets from Rally Secretary, L.M.S., 48, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1.

Girls' Auxiliary Conference

The Girls' Auxiliary Easter Conference will be held from April 1st (Thursday) to April 5th (Monday), “somewhere in the Midlands.” Full particulars will be published in due course.

“Venture”—The G. A. Magazine

Venture, the magazine of the L.M.S. Girls' Auxiliary, is henceforth to be issued in monthly parts, instead of once a quarter. The annual subscription remains the same, for the cost of each number will be 1½d. and there will be no issue for January or for July–September. Copies may be obtained from the Livingstone Bookshop or from the Editor of *Venture*, 48, Broadway, Westminster.



Home Notes.

WE begin the New Year with songs of rejoicing. We are campaigners. We have received our Commission. "God marshalled them, gave them their goal. . . . On to the bound of the waste! On to the City of God!" The gladness, the thrill of the start is ours and the joy comes, not because we are starting with our eyes shut, but because we know full well there is a hard campaign before us with a particularly rough stretch of road right ahead. The next three months will be hard going. We must look to the Home Churches for £160,000, and that means an advance of £28,000—£28,000 *more* than we raised last year. There is no sign yet of an increase. Unless that £28,000 is secured the campaign will at once be hampered by a heavy deficiency.

Why not tackle it straight away? Why not raise the £28,000 at once? Everywhere the campaign has been welcomed. The churches are eager to respond to the call of God to go forward, to make a big advance in the Mission Field. The first call upon us is to bring up our income to the amount needed to carry on the work we have in hand. Let us do this at once so that we may step out freely and vigorously to the goal that God has given us.

What exactly does tackling this deficit mean to the churches? What must we do to get £28,000 extra by March 31st? It means that every £1 given last year should be increased to £1 3s. 5d. and every shilling to fourteen pence. It means that new subscribers should be found without delay. It means that we must all do our very best in prayer, hard work and self-denial during the next three months.

Progress of the Campaign

With two-thirds of the Auxiliaries visited, with scores of campaign officers in harness, with hundreds of ministers giving pulpit help, the campaign has made a good start.

By the time the notes appear in print, 152 Auxiliaries will have been visited by the campaign secretaries and their colleagues, and in most of these cases campaign officers have been appointed, while in forty-six cases, big public meetings have been held launching the campaign in the life and imagination of the churches. It has been a strenuous autumn and equally strenuous months are ahead.

A Campaign Speakers' Handbook is now ready, and all who are addressing meetings on behalf of the campaign should obtain copies of this through their local campaign captain. In cases where campaign officers have not yet been appointed, speakers are invited to write to the Mission House for the handbook.

Posters with the campaign heading, but otherwise free for local printing and advertising of meetings, may be obtained from the Mission House at a penny each.

It is hoped that secretaries will give a generous place to missionary items in the next few months on their programmes. As far as possible they should refer to the Isles of the Seas and the Moslem world.

* * * * *

Readers are asked to note carefully particulars given about the two L.M.S. Conferences that are to be held at Swanwick this year. The first or General Conference is August 14th to 20th, the second, or Campaign Officers' Conference, is September 10th to 14th.

Missionary celebrations continue to be widely used and appreciated as a means of deepening interest, of quickening spiritual growth and of inspiring ideals of service. There are three celebrations which serve to illustrate this winter's subjects of study: Papeiha, the missionary friend of John Williams, and James Chalmers, related to the study of L.M.S. work in South Seas; and Raymond Lull, the missionary to Moslems, connected with the study of the Moslem world.

I. P. C.

The Annual Conference

Swanwick No. I

Many old Swanwickers will know both our Chairmen for the Annual Conference, 14th-20th August, 1926. Miss Muriel Wills has attended many L.M.S. Swanwicks. Miss Wills is one of the Bristol Directors and serves the Society as a member of the India and the Literature Committees, as well as in numberless ways in connection with the L.M.S. Auxiliary in Bristol. Mr. Stanley Toms enters upon his year of special service as Chairman of the Board of Directors next June. Mr. Toms went with Mr. Bitton to South Africa in the autumn of 1924 and in very many directions is a keen supporter of the L.M.S. Swanwick always owes a great deal to the Chairmen, and in Miss

Muriel Wills and Mr. Stanley Toms we shall have just the leadership we need.

The general title for the programme, "The Church and the Kingdom," links the Conference at once with the L.M.S. Campaign. We shall try to understand more clearly than ever before that wonderful and sacred mystery, the Church, the Body of Christ, and then ask how the Church may more perfectly be the Body of Christ, the instrument of His will, for the sake of the coming of His Kingdom. We are glad to announce that the Rev. F. Chalmers Rogers, M.A., will take charge of the opening sessions of the Conference each morning. The fee for the Conference is £3, including registration fee, 7s. 6d.

Campaign Officers' Conference

Swanwick No. II

Last year the Annual Conference, as everybody knows, was full to overflowing. This year Campaign Officers are asking for a special Conference of an inspirational and educational character which shall equip them for their work in the Campaign. It is quite certain that we shall be able to get all the folk who mean to go to Swanwick next year into one Conference. Besides, the two Conferences need to be slightly different in their aim and in their programme of work. So this year we are having Swanwick II, a

Campaign Officers' Conference in addition to Swanwick I.

Swanwick II will be held from 10th-14th September, 1926. We shall have with us the Rev. Hugh Jenkins, M.A. (Moderator), Exeter, as the speaker in the Devotional Session each morning. The fee for Swanwick II will be £2, including the registration fee, 7s. 6d.

There will, of course, be separate programmes and registration forms for the two Conferences. Campaign Officers are urged to attend Swanwick II. All others should book for Swanwick I.

China and the Missionary Societies

Address to the Government

THE British Missionary Societies which have work in China have been following recent events there with close concern. The Standing Committee of their Conference have recently sent a letter to the Chinese Minister in London in which they state that the Societies welcome the action taken by His Majesty's Government in entering upon a comprehensive revision of the Treaties which at present regulate the position of foreigners in China. They inform His Excellency that the leading British Missionary Societies working in China have passed resolutions expressing their desire that their future legal rights and liberties, instead of depending on existing Treaties between China and Great Britain, should be those freely accorded to them by China as a Sovereign Power and mutually agreed upon in equal conference between the Chinese Republic and Great Britain.

The communication adds that the Standing

Committee have taken steps to make their views known to His Majesty's Government, and the hope is expressed that the outcome of the present and the forthcoming Conferences may serve the highest interests of the people of China, and may lead to closer co-operation between the peoples of Great Britain and that country.

Mrs. J. H. Cullen

THERE will be many at home and abroad who will feel some share in the loss of Mrs. J. H. Cullen, who died on November 21st. Her early associations were with Robertson Street Church, Hastings. Appointed with her husband to the South Seas, she went to Niue in 1891, and saw service in Papua and South Africa also. Hers was a beautiful and strenuous life and although tested by much pain in her last illness her patient endurance and her care for others was maintained to the end.

The Heroism of a King's Son

A Story for the Superintendent

ON January 17th the subject in the Junior School is "Abram's Break with Human Sacrifice." There is a story told by Mr. Hough, of Samoa, which describes how human sacrifices ceased for ever in Malua. Malua is now and has been for many years the place where Samoan pastors are trained. But once, before Christ was known there, it was in the eyes of the Samoans a very holy island, since it belonged to the King of Samoa, the son of Malietoa. The king counted himself a god, and to uphold his dignity it was necessary to sacrifice a human being to him each day.

He was completely covered up except for his eyes. Then he was taken to his father and laid at his feet. The father could see nothing of him but his eyes. Malietoa asked what it was they brought him, and they said it was the daily sacrifice and it had been brought up from the sea. Looking once more at this strange object, the father was fascinated by the eyes of his son, and a great fear began to fill his heart. Where had he seen those eyes before, and why was he so afraid? All round him stood his chiefs, and the men ready to make the sacrifice, but he could not take his gaze off



"He was taken to his father and laid at his feet"

One day as Malietoa's son was resting in his house out in the lagoon, where he was cooled by the trade wind, he heard a great wailing from a passing canoe. On making inquiry he found that a youth was being taken to his father to be sacrificed. He was the last of the family, and he was bewailing the fate which was to leave his home desolate. The king's son was touched by the cries of the youth, and he determined to do away with these cruel sacrifices which filled the land with sorrow. He ordered the boy to be released, and then, going ashore, he had himself plaited up in a big coconut leaf, just in the way fish are done up for cooking.

his son's eyes. At last he ordered the leaf to be undone that he might see why he was afraid, and, to his astonishment, there lay his son. With a great cry the king gathered his son in his arms and asked why he had been so unkind as to make him suffer such agony.

The son answered that now Malietoa knew what had to be suffered each time a sacrifice was made to him, for every day some father's heart was torn as his had been, only Malietoa had his son safe, while others never saw theirs again. From that day no more sacrifices were made to the king and peace filled the land.



Blue Tiger. *Strange Adventures of a Missionary in China.* By Harry R. Caldwell. (Duckworth, 15/- Postage 6d. from L.M.S.)

THERE is in this book much of delightful interest to all kinds of people. The reader can learn from it what Chinese bandits are like, a great many facts about the birds and animals of China, and he will be introduced to many tigers. Mr. Caldwell is a great naturalist as well as a skilful sportsman. In April, 1910, to take one story, he was passing through a community where the day before a tiger had killed a sixteen-year-old boy. With his small Savage rifle the missionary killed the animal in its lair at very close range. The dead tiger was carried in by eight men, and placed in the open court of the house belonging to the leading elder of the clans comprising the group of thriving villages. The missionary retired to the guest-room and began to clean his gun. Soon the room was jammed with people eager to hear the story of the shot and to see the weapon. Now, the people in this place knew little about missionaries, but they were bitterly prejudiced because of rumours that they had heard. If it had not been for the credit that Mr. Caldwell won by killing the tiger, he would have found no way of approach to the confidence of the people, but now he began to talk in defence of Christianity. Soon the more irreligious and indifferent were listening to his bold attack on the old system of appeasing the gods; they began to believe him on heavenly things, since they had marked his skill with the rifle; and it was midnight before he could put his gun in its case. A few weeks later the community sent to him asking to have a teacher.

Five years later the missionary was talking with the celebrated naturalist, Roy Chapman Andrews. They were discussing the wonderful fauna of Fukien, when a number of bats scurried across the sky-line, and they began to talk about bats in general and this species in particular. The talk about bats recalled to the missionary a temple in the village where they were to establish their first camp. There he had seen several kinds of bats. "I can catch you a bushel

of bats," he said to Andrews, "in less time than it takes to tell you about it, in a temple close to where we shall first pitch camp." "Then I proceeded to tell him," writes Mr. Caldwell, "of the sport I had repeatedly enjoyed, drumming upon the pillars of the temple and watching the bats fly out in masses that almost darkened the door."

They pitched their camp in an orchard close by the village where he had killed the tiger five years before, and within one mile of the lair where he had seen a beautiful "blue tiger" at very close range. "Let us see the bats first," Andrews said. So they took out their bat-nets and walked through the grove of gum trees to the temple which stood in a deep grove at the head of a flight of steps which had formerly always been like polished stone on account of the constant wear. Now there were weeds growing between the stones.

"Upon reaching the terrace upon which the temple stood," the author writes, "I saw only a pile of ruins and much débris. Several large idols still sat upon pedestals where once there had been an altar. The temple had disappeared. My chagrin was complete, as I confessed to Andrews that we would have to look elsewhere for our bats.

"After disposing of our paraphernalia again in camp, I slipped away to the home of Elder Ding to inquire of him what had become of the village temple. At my question he looked at me in blank astonishment for a time, and then merely said, 'Teacher, you surely must understand.'

"Understand what?" I demanded.

"Why, teacher, can you not understand? We decided that we did not need the temple after we learned the "Christian doctrine,"" said the elder. He then went on to enlarge upon how the people had broken away from idolatry family by family, and, pointing to the beautiful little brick church a mile away, he said: "Our people would rather seek soul happiness over there than in the temple."

"Before we ended our conversation, Elder Ding remarked, 'Teacher, I am afraid those people would not have heard of Christ until this day had you not killed that tiger.'"

“An unconscious Captain of Adventure”

“Robinson Crusoe turned Missionary”

By Basil Mathews



Incense burner
at Nansiang

A FEW great men have been like telescopes through whose lives a distant and hitherto dimly seen people has been brought nearer and sharply focused. Of this small group, James Gilmour is one of the most arresting yet least famous personalities.

If, like Livingstone, he had been attacked by a wild beast or savages, or had died in his tracks on the

Mongolian wastes, he would have been one of the heroes of the world's boyhood. If (again like Livingstone) he had opened a new continent to the flood-tide of Western civilisation, and had surveyed scientifically the land and its natural history as well as its people, he would have been acclaimed by the world of commerce and exploration. For he had the courage, the single-minded enthusiasm, and the pioneer spirit of a Livingstone. Again, if the L.M.S. had been financially capable of backing up Gilmour's work with personal reinforcements of staff, and of creating an educational, medical and evangelistic mission, Gilmour would have been the St. Paul of the Mongolian Church. But he died in bed at Tientsin, and the mission was ultimately abandoned.

He has to-day, however, an even higher distinction, which has been thrown into vivid and splendid relief by Nelson Bitton's new book, "Our Gilmour."* He was the first, and up till now the last, of modern Christians to traverse the prodigious plains and rolling hills of Mongolia year after year, following the vagrant Mongol tribes on foot, by horse and by camel; living in their verminous tents, eating their coarse and unclean food, driven desperate by their drunkenness, licentiousness and lying,

starved of all privacy, alienated from books and friends, separated from wife and children—with the single passionate purpose of proclaiming to them the Good News of the Kingdom of Christ. His work recalls to me in its essential spirit Francis of Assisi's astonishing spiritual foray into Egypt to confront the Sultan with Christ, or Raymond Lull's heroic attack on the fortresses of North Africa. In a word, the solitariness of the enterprise is its glory; for once we can enthusiastically ally the adjective and the noun—"splendid isolation."

Within less than one hundred pages Mr. Bitton has contrived to tell the story of Gilmour with a loving yet discriminating hero-worship, and at the same time, to give a fresh, vivid and realistic picture of the tremendous land and the strange people among whom he worked through the twenty-one years of his missionary life from 1870-91.

He shows us the man himself—the enthusiastic student who goes out straight from the study and the pulpit to the camel track and the open tent—a George Borrow for sheer vagrancy, "a Robinson Crusoe turned missionary," as a reviewer of Gilmour's first book dubbed him. Gilmour is shown too as essentially original in all his actions—as illustrated in his proposal of marriage to a lady five thousand miles away whom he had never seen except through her photograph, and whose acceptance of his strange proposal blessed him with a perfect wife. His vagrancy and originality however are seen to be allied with an orderliness and practicality of mind. His blending of simple medical treatment with faith-healing and Gospel preaching; his heroic friendliness—for friendliness is heroic where it has contact with lice and filthily prepared food in unclean dishes; his unflinching single-minded devotion to the one aim of bringing individual Mongols to Christ; his rarely failing humour amid desperate discouragements; his unflinching courage in the most difficult of paths, the steady trudge along a stony, lonely road, as our author well describes him—"an unconscious captain of adventure"—all these qualities are revealed to us in this little book where Mr. Bitton has placed us under a debt of gratitude by reviving and retelling for a new generation the immortal life story of one of the heroes of the Christian enterprise.

* "Our Gilmour," by Nelson Bitton, Livingstone Press, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 2d.

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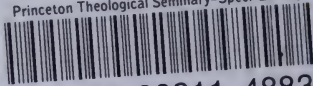
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